

Why Do We "Fall in Love"? Arnold Bennett Answers

IN REAL "LOVERS' GUIDE" TELLS HOW TO MEET
YOUR MATE—HOW TO PICK THE RIGHT ONE—
WHAT TO TALK ABOUT WHEN YOU'RE COURTING

By Marguerite Moores Marshall

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WHEN does a young man fall in love?

Does every man, every girl, have a particular "fate" in love?

Is it better to marry earlier or later?

Is there such a thing as love-control?

How should a young man meet his future mate?

How can he tell "the wrong girl" from the right one?

How can she tell "the wrong man" from the right one?

What ought a couple to talk about during courtship?

What are the necessary qualifications for the profession of wife?

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If every young person isn't interested in the answers to these questions, he—or she—ought to be!

Arnold Bennett, noted English novelist and man of letters, answers all of them in his article on "Falling in Love" in the current number of Pictorial Review. The shrewd and sensible author of "Mr. Prohack," "Claphanger," "The Old Wives' Tale" and many other widely read and realistic tales, has prepared a careful and most comprehensive chart of troubled pre-matrimonial waters; a chart on which every dangerous shoal and rock is marked and a course into the haven of happy married life is plainly indicated.

Take that first question, "When does a young man fall in love?" There are, according to the astute Mr. Bennett, certain perfectly definite occasions when any reasonable person may expect this phenomenon to take place.

"For example, if a man who has been too poor to marry comes into a sufficient income the chances are a hundred to one that soon afterward he will be in love with some likely girl."

"A man who begins to find life a bore will fall in love."

"A man who finds his existence full and interesting, an ambitious man, will not fall in love. He misses the visitation because he does not want it."

"A man who has been balked in a love affair will fall in love a second time within a brief period, for the reason that he wanted, not a particular girl, but love itself."

Mr. Bennett frankly has no use for the "fate" or "affinity" theory of love.

"If each individual has his 'fate,'" our author points out, "it is extremely curious that his 'fate' so often happens to be living in the same town, or even in the same street!"

"It is as certain as anything human can be that in the average happy marriage the husband would have been equally happy with any one of ten thousand other women, and the wife with any one of ten thousand other men. (And when I say ten thousand I am understating!)"

"Is it better to marry earlier or later? It is unanswerably better to marry earlier, provided that the material basis for marriage exists. If the income of the married couple would be inadequate to the needs of wedlock and is without a fair prospect of improvement, or if the income is precarious and unreliable, then no marriage could rightly take place."

"But," sigh the romantic ones, "what shall we do if we fall in love when we are too poor to marry?"

"Don't fall in love," Mr. Bennett answers sternly. For he believes firmly in the practice of love control. He says that when a young man's fancy is taken, "if at this moment circumstances arose which prevented him from ever seeing the girl again he would not suffer. No harm has been done. The strange little microbe is only on the surface as yet; it has not penetrated into the system; it can be brushed off."

Therefore—brush it off, unless reason and judgment tell you to go ahead. In that case—keep on seeing the girl, and let nature take its course!

As to where you should see the lady of your heart, Mr. Bennett thinks that dance or a theatre or a picnic is positively the worst place. "A girl who is ideal at a social entertainment

may be a very different girl in the eternal dalliance of marriage.

"If the early meetings occur in a place of business, under business conditions, the chances of a sound judgment are considerably strengthened. But the young man should see the young woman in her own home. And if her own home is not satisfactory, let him guard against imagining that she has escaped all the faults of her family. She hasn't."

And here are the "three symptoms" which, in his opinion, will help a young man to diagnose "the wrong girl."

"If she is obviously a devotee of pleasure, beware, for she cannot fail to be disappointed, with the usual results upon character. If she shows no thought for what he is spending with her or on her, beware, for either she is selfish or she is incapable of

courtship. Mr. Bennett suggests that at least some of the conversation be devoted to serious subjects. "The girl," he declares, "should acquire knowledge concerning not merely the financial status of the possible man but about his health and about his tastes, particularly about his tastes. For she will be more at the mercy of his tastes than he of hers."

Finally, he closes with a bit of sound advice on the profession of being a wife. He supposes that "when the couple had arrived at an unspoken or spoken understanding, the young man's mother were to send for me that you can run a house, manage servants, buy food economically, cook it attractively, make rooms attractive, keep order, be punctual," &c.

"Naturally," admits Mr. Bennett,

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Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten



Why Not Look Your Best?

By Doris Doscher

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DEAR MISS DOSCHER:

Would you kindly advise me as to my correct weight? I am thirty years old and weigh 162 pounds. I am 5 feet 8 inches tall. I am exceptionally fat through my hips and in the back too. Please tell me what exercise I should use to reduce this and how long each day to practice.

MARY ELIZABETH.

For your age and height 160 pounds would be the weight for you. You will find that the excessive fat around your hips and waist will disappear if you take the leg-swinging exercise. This should be taken at least fifteen times twice daily.

DEAR MISS DOSCHER:

Kindly advise me what to use or do to lighten the skin on my knees, as all the skin on the rest of my body is white, but just the knees. I think it comes from kneeling down while cleaning the floors and not using a pillow.

A READER.

If you scrub the knees with corn meal and a little soap the roughness and darkness will disappear. A little glycerine, to which a few drops of spirits of camphor have been added, can be well rubbed in. A few repetitions of this treatment and your knees will be as white as the rest of your body.

DEAR MISS DOSCHER:

There is a puffiness under my eyes that makes me look older than I am. What treatment do you advise? Will you kindly tell me what my correct weight should be? I am fourteen and a half years old and am 5 feet 2 inches high.

L. L. K.

The puffiness under your eyes may be caused by kidney trouble, lack of sufficient sleep or overeating, and the real cause would have to be removed before any external application would be efficacious. If you take sufficient rest I think you will find this puffiness under your eyes disappearing without any further treatment. About 105 pounds would be a nice weight for your height and age.

DEAR MISS DOSCHER:

Can you tell me my correct weight? I am a boy almost thirteen years of age. Weigh 122 pounds and am 5 feet 5 inches in height.

THANKFUL.

You are very tall for your age, but even so you are nearly ten pounds overweight for your height.

Intimate Interviews

By James True

Augustus Thomas Expresses America



A series that would present with fair completeness the country's manners of our period.

"It was necessary to lay the scenes of each play in a certain section. And it was my intention to divide the country, conforming to any established boundaries but according to the attitude of the men of various sections toward their women."

"Perhaps I made a mistake in calling the plays in Missouri, Alabama, Arizona and Colorado, for after they became successful everywhere seemed to jump in and they deluged the stage with plays named after States. Geographically, many dramatists tried to help me out. They stacked out the same claim. It was almost an epidemic as long as State names lasted, and I don't think they overlooked the Indian Territory and the District of Columbia. But, of course, that was before they were governed by the stupendous assumption that the country is divided into only two sections—New York and elsewhere."

Augustus Thomas must have had at least fifteen years more of experience than his square-shouldered sturdiness and alertness indicate. And his concluding statement gives the assurance that, in his new position, his extensive knowledge of the stage with his lifelong desire will prove an enduring and a wholesome influence.

"The original idea still holds good," he declared. "I believe that Americans make a mistake in creating plays with a foreign atmosphere, and that the playwright should express only the things that he knows about intimately. I am still convinced that the greatest thing the American stage can do is to present American faithfully."

Courtship and Marriage

By Betty Vincent

DEAR MISS VINCENT:

I am nineteen years of age and have known a young man of the same age for a long time. Last summer we became very friendly and started to talk about our future without his or my parents' knowledge, as we decided to wait two years before we married. A few weeks ago he complained that his mother is scolding him every time he takes me out. After a few days he came and told me everything was all off because his mother forbade him to take me out again. Since that time I have not gone out with him or any other young man, but he is going out with another girl. I have business with his parents which takes me to their home once a week. The other night he took me home and since my house is an hour's walk from his he was late again and received another scolding from his mother. Now, Miss Vincent, I love this young man and want his friendship. Could you advise me how to keep his friendship and at the same time not worry his parents?

"L. L. L."

When a young man is in his teens and his parents object to his going with a certain girl the girl is most unwise to try to continue the friendship. The young man is still a minor and not able to take the steps or the initiative as a man of mature years. Nor is he apt to know his own mind. Better put this chap out of your mind.

"Dear Miss Vincent: I am engaged to be married to a young man whom I have known for two years. For the last year I have been unhappy because my sweetheart, whom I know loves me dearly, expressed his doubt as to my love for him. I am not an especially affectionate type of girl and find it difficult to express my feelings. What do you advise?"

"UNHAPPY."

Try to break through the ice and let your real, honest-to-goodness heart show itself. If you love this young man tell him so, and do not be afraid to show him that you really care for him.

THE JARR FAMILY

By Roy L. McCardell

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IF THE two Misses Cackleberry of Philadelphia were delighted at meeting their mother at the bargain counter in the big store they gave little indication of it either in look or word.

"Why, Mrs. Jarr!" exclaimed the lady from Philadelphia (who, married again, was no longer Mrs. Cackleberry, but Mrs. Bernard Blodger), and she imprinted a double-edged kiss on both cheeks of Mrs. Jarr. Her daughters, however, she greeted somewhat coolly. "Howdy, girls," she said. "Gladys, stop squinting! Irene, straighten up! Why don't you wear your shoulder braces?"

And then Mrs. Jarr began to notice that the Cackleberry girls had lawfully inherited their constantly demonstrated antipathies. For, just as they nagged and bickered with each other when no marriageable young man were present, and just as they, silently skirmished with each other with pinches and elbow diggings, just so their mother kept up a constant battle and skirmish with them.

"You don't ask how your step-papa is," remarked Mrs. Blodger. "He's bought a new imported hat and he looks just grand in it!"

"Don't mention that stupid bully's name to me!" remarked Miss Gladys Cackleberry, the youngest but most acrid of the dear girls. "If you, old enough to be his mother, married a big dumbkull young enough to be our husband, you don't expect us to be interested!"

"Oh, Gladys!" cried Mrs. Jarr in surprise.

"Gladys is right, Mrs. Jarr," interposed Miss Irene Cackleberry. "If your poor dead real papa's life insurance money was spent on a well-dressed loafer of a second husband—"

"And then twitting us that he had a new imported hat!" exclaimed the waspish Gladys. "A very expensive hat, I'll wager! Oh, you don't know him, Mrs. Jarr. Nothing but the best will do for him, and it's our money!"

"Everything was left to me!" interrupted the mother. "Your father did not understand me, but Bernard and I are attuned."

"Yes, and he gets you to buy him twenty-five-dollar hats, when we have to come to bargain sales!"

"And that reminds me, I got one of the new style suits here—who pulled the sleeves out of it?"

Mrs. Jarr and the Misses Cackleberry had pulled the sleeves out of it, but they thought it best not to say so.

"Look here, young man!" cried Mrs. Blodger, turning from the family fight to hold up a hurrying floor-walker. "Is this why you offer bargains in these new style suits? Dame aged goods—look at the sleeves torn out!"

"Money-makers in Philadelphia always have GENUINE bargains!" cried the two Misses Cackleberry.

"I want my money back!" exclaimed their mother.

"Please go to the complaint department, take elevator to the eighth floor," advised the floorwalker, and hurried away.

"You haven't paid for it, you know, Mawr," said Miss Gladys Cackleberry. "So put the old thing back on the bargain counter."

"Oh, Mrs. Jarr, if you knew the sacrifices I have made for those girls!" cried Mrs. Blodger, turning appealingly to Mrs. Jarr.

"Ehsh!" cautioned the latter, seeing there was a lull in the battle for bargains and that the family squabble was being overheard. "Let us go to the restaurant on the ninth floor and have a cup of tea."

"If we are to have tea, let us go where there is dancing," suggested Miss Gladys Cackleberry.

"Possibly there is dancing in the store restaurant here," said Mrs. Jarr. "And, oh girls! That reminds me!"

spoke up Mrs. Blodger. "Your dear step-papa knows all the new steps and is learning to play the saxophone. He sent his love."

"Of course, if he dances the new steps, I'll dance with him, but speak to him—never!" declared Miss Irene Cackleberry.

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